THE ALL-ACTION COMIC • LET THE GALAXY BURN!

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

KAL JERICO: KILLING TIME

#45
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Start counting the days. In only 5 months' time Warhammer Monthly will be publishing its fiftieth issue and it looks set to be our greatest issue ever! Not only are we going to see the return of a few old friends – though I will neither confirm nor deny that the Redeemer will be one of them – but perhaps, just maybe we're also going to see the last of one or two others. Now before you start bombarding us with letters telling us we can't kill off character X or character Y please bear in mind that I haven't actually said that anybody is going to die in that issue... though on the other hand I haven't said that anybody isn't. Confused? Good.

Your favourite Blood Angels, Cloten and Lysander will be blasting back into action in the big five-oh and there will also be special one-off tales featuring Warhammer Monthly favourites Malus Darkblade, Imperius Dictatio and Kal Jerico. Even as I write, Adrian Smith is hard at work putting the finishing touches to the cover and there are one or two other surprises we're still working on, but you'll have to wait until December to find out what they are!

CHRISTIAN DUNN

KAL JERICO

Some bounties just aren't worth the trouble as Kal finds to his peril in 'The Delivery'.

DARKBLADE

Betrayed by Severin, Darkblade and his men must fight for their very survival against the forces of Naggor and... Tz'arkan!

HISTORY OF NAGGOR

All you ever wanted to know about the ice-locked ark and its murderous inhabitants.

DAEMONIFUGE

Two Dark Eldar wyches face each other in the arena on Commorragh but what part does Ephrael play in all this?

WHAT GOES AROUND

One gun, no words, all action!

DISPATCHES:

This issue marks Karl Richardson's last issue as the regular artist on Daemonifuge. But fear not, because starting with issue 47 we're glad to welcome new-comer Chris Quilliams to the pages of Warhammer Monthly. Those of you who attended Astronomi-con in Winnipeg earlier this year might remember it was Chris's artwork that was used to promote the Warhammer 40,000 tournament there but what really swung it for us were the fantastic sample pages he produced for us (above, left). Rest assured, dear reader, Ephrael's in safe hands.

GAMES WORKSHOP

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KAL JERICO in THE DELIVERY

DOOM! DOOM SHALL DESCEND UPON YOU ALL! YOU ARE TWICE - NAY - THRICE CURSED!
YOU HAVE AWOKEN THE ANGER OF THE HIVE SPIRITS. THEY COMMAND YOU TO SET FREE THEIR HUMBLE SERVANT OR FACE THEIR WRATH!
I STILL SAY WE COULD JUST SHOOT HIM...
FURIES OF THE HIVE ANSWER MY SUMMONS! HARASS AND HINDER MY CAPTORS EVERY CURSED STEP OF THEIR JOURNEY!
WHEN HE'S WORTH A BOUNTY OF 300 CREDITS TO US ALIVE? DON'T BE RIDICULOUS SCABE!
ANYWAY, DON'T TELL ME YOU ACTUALLY BELIEVE ANY OF THAT NONSENSE?
I ONCE KNEW A FELLOW WHO USED TO TOMB-ROB ANCIENT RATSKIN BURIAL SITES. HE ASSURED ME THERE WAS NEVER ANYTHING TO THOSE STORIES ABOUT RATSKIN SHAMAN HIVE-CURSES.
SO WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

SCRIPT: GORDON RENNIE · ART: WAYNE REYNOLDS · LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

HE DEVELOPED A STRANGE AND HORRIBLE FLESH-ROTTING DISEASE AND DIED A LONG, SLOW AND AGONIZING DEATH, BUT I'M SURE THAT WAS A COINCIDENCE
WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS THAT WE FULFIL OUR CONTRACT AND DELIVER THESE PRISONERS TO THE GUILD TRADING STATION AT SUMPSVILLE AND THAT'S STILL FIVE DAYS MARCH FROM HERE
REST STOP'S OVER LET'S GET MOVING
SPIRITS OF THE HIVE ! FAH! NOTHING BUT SUPERSTITIOUS RATSKIN MUMBO-JUMBO...

DAY ONE
GREAT SPIRIT, HEAR MY WORDS. MAY THE HIVE SPEAK OUT IN ANGER AGAINST THESE CURSED HEATHENS...
'LET THE DEAD RISE UP FROM THAT EARTH TO BAR THEIR WAY...
DAY TWO:
'FIRE SHALL RAIN DOWN UPON THEM FROM THE HEAVENS...

...THE CARRION OF THE HIVE SHALL HUNGER FOR THEIR FLESH...
DAY THREE
...AND THOSE THAT DO NOT HUNGER FOR THEIR FLESH SHALL THIRST FOR THEIR BLOOD INSTEAD
YOUR FAITHFUL SERVANTS SHALL TAKE VENGEANCE ON THEM...

AND, FINALLY, THEY SHALL REPENT AND REALISE THE FOOLISH ERROR OF THEIR WAYS
YOU KNOW, I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING TO THIS RATSKIN HIVE-CURSE BUSINESS, AFTER ALL
SO NOW WE'RE GOING TO KILL HIM, RIGHT?
WELL...
THRICE CURSED, AND THRICE AGAIN SHALL BE HE WHO SPILLS THE BLOOD OF THE VOICE OF THE HIVE SPIRITS!
THRICE CURSED?
AND THRICE AGAIN
HMMM, MAYBE THERE'S A BETTER WAY OF DOING THIS
CHANGE OF ITINERARY, SCABBS. IF WE GO BY WAY OF RIPPERJACK GORGE, WE CAN SHAVE MORE THAN A DAY OFF OUR JOURNEY
RIPPERJACK GORGE...!? ISN'T THAT SCAVVY GANG TERRITORY?
YES, I SUPPOSE IT IS

BUT IM SURE WE'LL CROSS THAT BRIDGE WHEN WE COME TO IT
RIFFERJACK BRIDGE SCAVVY BRIDGE NOW
YOU CROSS SCAVVY BRIDGE, YOU PAY SCAVVY TOLL! BUT WE NOT WANT SCAVVY TOLL TODAY. WE WANT
...KILL
SCAVVIES, ALWAYS SO PREDICTABLE...
YOU WAIT HERE. I'LL HANDLE THE NEGOTIATIONS
ZAK!
SHUK!
THUPP

SO, WE'LL DO IT THE *USUAL WAY* INSTEAD, THEN?
ONE HEALTHY SPECIMEN FER PARTY, RIGHT?
GO AHEAD AND TAKE YOUR PICK
RATSKIN SHAMANS, SCABBS. APPARENTLY THEY'RE CONSIDERED SOMETHING OF A *SCAVVY DELICACY*
INDEED
DOESN'T DO MUCH GOOD FOR OUR PROFIT MARGINS ON THIS TRIP BUT AT LEAST NOW WE KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH RATSKIN HIVE-CURSES
JUST MAKE IT *SOMEONE ELSE'S PROBLEM* INSTEAD
DOOM SHALL DESCEND ON YOU ALL... BEWARE THE FURIES OF THE HIVE... THRICE CURSED! THRICE-CURSED SHALL BE HE WHO...
THE END

DARKBLADE
BOOK III
THRONE OF BLOOD
PART SIX
IT WAS MEANT TO BE GLORIOUS A CHANCE FOR THE OUTCAST MALUS DARKBLADE TO PROVE HIS LOYALTY TO THE SLAVEMASTER OF HAG GRAEF.
TO LEAD A RAID INTO THE GRIM BALEWOODS AND STRIKE A BLOW AGAINST THE ENCROACHING FORCES OF NAGGOR WHICH THREATEN THE HAG.
BUT TREACHERY HAS RUINED THAT. SURPRISED BY THE WARBANDS OF THE NAGGORITE GENERAL RALKOTH, MALUS AND HIS FOURTEEN OUTRIDERS WILL FIND NOTHING IN THESE DIM, SICKLY GLADES.
... EXCEPT DESTRUCTION.
Script: Dan Abnett
Art: Kev Hopgood
SWEEP TO THE REAR, KHAINE DAMN YOU ALL! RETAKE THE PATH!
ABOVE THE DIN OF WAR, MALUS HEARS THE FRANTIC VOICE OF ZARLUS VICTOR OF SEAGRIM'S FIELD.
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, DARKBLADE! THEY OVERWHELM US!
BY THE BLOODY HAND! WHERE ARE OUR REINFORCEMENTS?
THEY ARE THE LAST WORDS ZARLUS WILL EVER UTTER.
NAGGORITE SPEARS TEAR HIM TO HIS DOOM.

HE IS ONLY THE FIRST...
ERON SPIKEHEART'S BLOOD SOON STAINS BALEWOOD LOAM
HOGAR, SON OF TURYTH, IS HURLED FROM HIS SADDLE BY BLACK-FLETCHED SHAFTS
MORBAL FLAMEHAIR MAKES A BLOODY TRIBUTE TO KHAINE...
BEFORE NAGGORENE BLADES SEVER HIS SOUL FROM HIS BODY
WHERE IS LORD SEVERIN? WHERE IS THE OTHER COMPANY?
WHERE ARE YOUR WITS, SILAR THORNBLOOD?
OUR BELOVED PRINCELING HAS LEFT US TO OUR FATE!

NO! SEVERIN WOULD NOT ABANDON US SO!
KORBUS! WHERE ARE YOU BOY? SOUND THE SIGNAL HORN!
KORBUS WITCHMARK, YOUNGEST OF THE COMPANY, FUMBLES FOR HIS WAR-HORN.
THIS WAS HIS FIRST MISSION AS A COLD ONE KNIGHT. HE EXPECTED TO FIND HONOUR...
...NOT DEATH.
AROOOOOOOOOO!
AROOOOOOOOOOO!
LORD SEVERIN... THAT WAR-HORN BLAST! DARKBLADE'S COMPANY CALLS TO US!
I HEAR NOTHING, LURKAN.
B-BUT LORD...
I AM THE SON OF THE DRACHAU, YOU WRETCH! YOU QUESTION MY WORD?
N-NO, MY LORD...
"I HEARD NOTHING EITHER."
THE END IS CLOSE. ONLY A FEW OF THE HAG'S COMPANY ARE LEFT. MALUS HIMSELF...
...KUNOR KUNOLL'S SON...

...WORTHY BROEL, DOLTHAIC THE RUTHLESS...
...VALIANT HAEDOR...
...BRAVE SILAR THORNBLOOD...
...AND THE YOUNG NOVICE KORBUS.
MALUS KNOWS THEY CANNOT MATCH HIS ENEMY'S NUMBER.
BUT HE ALSO KNOWS WHAT TO DO WHEN FACED WITH A MORE POWERFUL FOE
... GO FOR THE *HEAD*.
THE NAGGORITE RAID-CAPTAIN GASPS AS DARKBLADE SMASHES THROUGH HIS BODYGUARD
SINCE WHEN DID CORNERED PREY TURN AND STRIKE BACK LIKE *THIS* HE WONDERS?
UGHNN
HE'LL HAVE TO ASK KHAINE HIMSELF WHEN HE SEES HIM

FILTH OF NAGGOR! SEE HOW YOUR LEADER DIES!
FOR A SECOND, SHOCK DIMS THE NAGGORITE FURY. IT IS ALL THEY NEED...
RIDE! RIDE IN THE NAME OF KHAINE! WE HAVE A CHANCE TO BREAK FREE!
GO! GO!
IN A CAVERN ABOVE THE RAGING BALEMERE, THEY TAKE SHELTER...
WHO ELSE LIVES?
KUNOR, DOLTHAIG, HAEDOR, BROEL... THE BOY KORBUS...

I SAY WE WAIT THE NIGHT OUT AND MOVE ON AT DAWN.
WE MAY LIVE TO SEE THE HAG AGAIN YET, EH?
WHY SO GRIM, MALUS?
WHAT? IF SPILLING A LITTLE WINE IS THE WORST OF YOUR-
THIS FLASK BROKE WHEN I WRESTLED THEIR LEADER TO THE GROUND.
IT WASN'T WINE. IT WAS AN ELIXIR TO KEEP ME FROM SLEEPING.
HOW LONG TILL NIGHTFALL?
I...DON'T KNOW...
HOW LONG, SILAR?
AN HOUR, PERHAPS? DAMN YOU, MALUS! WHAT IS THIS?
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU LIVING AND DYING.
YOU MUST TIE ME FAST! TIE ME TO THAT BOULDER! NOW!
TIGHTER! MAKE IT TIGHTER!
THIS IS MADNESS, DARKBLADE!
MADNESS, KUNOR? WAIT FOR THE DARK AND THEN YOU'LL SEE MADNESS!

THEY WAIT, BEMUSED AND AFRAID, UNTIL NIGHT COMES...
...AND THE TRUTH IS SHOWN TO THEM.
By the Bloody-Handed god!
WELL MEY, WARRIORS OF HAG GRAEF. MY NAME IS TZ'ARKAN.
NOW WHICH OF YOU FINE FELLOWS IS GOING TO UNTIE ME?
DAEMON CURSE

A HISTORY OF NAGGOR

as told by Furion of Clar Karond

As all of our mighty Black Arks, the Ark of Naggor (or Nagor, as it was once called) had its birth in the Sundering, the great cataclysm that followed our Witch King's great ritual to bind the forces of Chaos to his will. The malign interference of the craven scholars of Hoeth interrupted our king's concentration at a critical juncture and their ghastly spells unleashed a terrible force that devastated our beautiful home of Nagarythe. A tidal wave, fully a thousand feet high, broke and shattered our majestic land until all that was left were those palaces and fortresses that our most benevolent ruler had managed to protect with what spells and wards he could muster in his exhausted state.

The people of Nagor had always been the most stalwart of allies to our King, being amongst the first to travel with him to the icy lands that would become Naggaroth in our glorious first war against Chaos. In that inhospitable tundra their scouts discovered many strange creatures and, instead of killing them out of hand, tamed the fiercest and turned them to fight against the fell legions of the daemon followers. I remember from that time, looking out upon the army of Nagor in the field, seeming more animal than elf, and watching as even the warped monsters of Chaos were held at bay and torn apart by a multitude of snapping jaws and slicing talons, while our beastmasters urged their charges on in their savagery.

The noble Cold Ones, watch-serpents, doom wings, even the sorcerous murder-hounds and so many more bizarre creatures who follow us now began their service to our race in those heady days, and for that Nagor must have its share of the credit. For all their time since, navigating the black waves of the Sea of Malice and the Sea of Chill, then later the western shores through the Broken Lands, the Naggorites have never lost that affinity with our beasts of war. Indeed, after the Sundering – with the Ark full to the brim with those who had fled to its sanctuary – many of Nagor settled in Karond Kar, the bastion of our beastmasters. Here they continued in such pursuits, while their fellows who stayed onboard sought further afield for the most exotic beasts that could be yoked to our cause. Even until recently, before Nagor met its unfortunate fate, the two remained as close as kin, with Karond Kar providing the steeds that swell Nagor's many ranks of noble Cold One riders, for which they in turn traded the most dangerous specimens they captured plying their trade in the monster-infested waters of the Boiling Sea.

That, then, was Nagor at the height of its power: wealthy, influential, respected, a symbol of our mighty reach across the world and our proper dominion of all creatures. And it is the setting for our lesson, young Druchii, now listen close to the example of Balneth Bale, Witch Lord of Nagor and learn well.

BALNETH BALE

To see him then, many of you would have considered Balneth Bale to be a fine example of a Druchii. Brave in combat, merciless in victory, he climbed the ranks of the nobility of Nagor with ease, spiking the heels of the unwary above him and poisoning his steps to dissuade pursuit. His ascendancy was noticed by all, including the then ruler, Tiskerion, but more particularly by his Hag consort, Vitteran. In this rising star she saw the means to sate her own thirst for power and shatter the proper restrictions of tradition that she had railed against for so long. Though the rulers of Nagor were known as Witch Lords, it had long been an empty title, bowing sensibly to the concerns of our most glorious majesty, they had

rightfully deemed it impolitic to continue the association with the Dark Art of all who had not received the Witch King's blessing. Nagor may have been a mighty vessel that travelled the black seas freely, but the Witch Lords knew, as should we all, that there is truly no place on this earth that is closed to the gaze of the true heir to the Phoenix throne. So while the elves of Nagor never lost their knowledge of the wards and spells that kept their mighty ark afloat, nor some of the magical snares and tricks used by beastmasters to capture and tame our creatures of war, by the time of Bale it had been millennia since the ancient Witch Lords had abrogated their deepest knowledge of the Dark Art. It was through this long restricted avenue that foolish Vitteran saw her route to power.

Bale courted her patronage as he did all the others of influence in Nagor, and in public Vitteran paid little heed. In her private chambers, however, the two quickly recognised in the other a fellow lust for power and disrespect for the traditions enshrined within our lore. It was there that the schemes that would ultimately lead to their rule and Nagor's disgrace were hatched. Vitteran had waited patiently for decades and, once her influence had installed Bale as one of Tiskerion's chosen lieutenants, she was impatient for her reward. Not soon after, Tiskerion fell gravely ill after a placid watch-serpent suddenly ran wild as he passed nearby. The serpent was put down, but, despite having a huge supply of all the medications which would normally counter-act the serpent's poison, Tiskerion's body simply refused to heal. Fearing some might take advantage of his weakened state he allowed only his consort to tend to him. Soon he was dead. This prompted a short but intense spate of espionage and political manoeuvring as each noble family sought to acquire the most favourable alignment for if and when their sickly ruler's soul was taken by Khaine. Only the most savvy and acute among them realised that the result had been decided even before Tiskerion took to his sick-bed and they quietly moved to side with Vitteran's candidate. On the same day that Tiskerion died, Balneth Bale was installed, unchallenged, as the ruling Witch Lord of Nagor. His first act was to affirm Vitteran as Lord's consort and allow her free reign in her sorcerous pursuits. Now, for Vitteran, all was in place to allow her to embark fully upon her self-tuition in the most forbidden knowledge.

The diumvirate of Bale and Vitteran ruled for decades, as Nagor continued on its long trading routes from the Boiling Sea to Karond Kar and far beyond. As Vitteran delved increasingly deeper into the Dark Art, Bale too became intrigued of her studies and she willingly educated both him and his chosen warriors a few morsels of what she had learnt. For the first time in aeons, the title of Witch Lord began to reassume its original significance.

Neither Bale nor his Witchguard companions had true sorcerer's souls and it is doubtful that their petty battle magics would have perturbed even a noviate of the Witch King's Sorceress Convents. Without doubt, it would have been some progression in Vitteran's research which prompted what was to follow. What discovery, you ask? I do not know, and the wise do not question what she might have learnt that led to the fall of Nagor.

To be continued...

DAEMONIFUGE

THE LORD of DAMNATION

Chapter Eight

I WATCH AS SHE KILLS THE LAST OF THE GROTESQUES.
SHE IS A TRUE ARTIST. EVERY SWEEP OF HER BLADE BRINGING CRIES OF PAIN FROM A ONCE-HUMAN THROAT THAT FOOLISHLY THOUGHT IT FORGOTTEN HOW TO SCREAM.
ONLY SIX OF US REMAIN, OF THE FIFTY WHO ENTERED THE ARENA ONLY MINUTES EARLIER.
WATCHING HER, I KNOW THAT SOON THERE WOULD ONLY BE TWO, AND THEN WE WOULD HAVE TO FACE EACH OTHER.

Script:: Gordon Rennie ✦ Art:: Karl Richardson ✦ Letters:: Jordan Love

BUT THAT MIGHT BE AS MUCH AS A MINUTE FROM NOW. AND HERE IN THE CITADEL OF THE MASTERS OF PAIN AND TERROR, IT WAS FUTILE TO LOOK SO FAR AHEAD INTO A FUTURE YOU MIGHT NEVER LIVE TO SEE
THE MASKED ONE FIGHTS SURPRISINGLY WELL, LORD ANHORR. CAN IT BE THAT YOU HAVE FINALLY FOUND A CHAMPION WORTHY ENOUGH TO DIE BY THE BLADE OF MY OWN CHAMPION?
IT PLEASES ME TO KNOW THAT YOU ENJOY THE NOVELTY OF SURPRISE, LORD SATIKUS...
THE SPECTACLE I HAVE ARRANGED FOR TODAY PROMISES SEVERAL SURPRISES YET TO COME.
SSSHHKKK

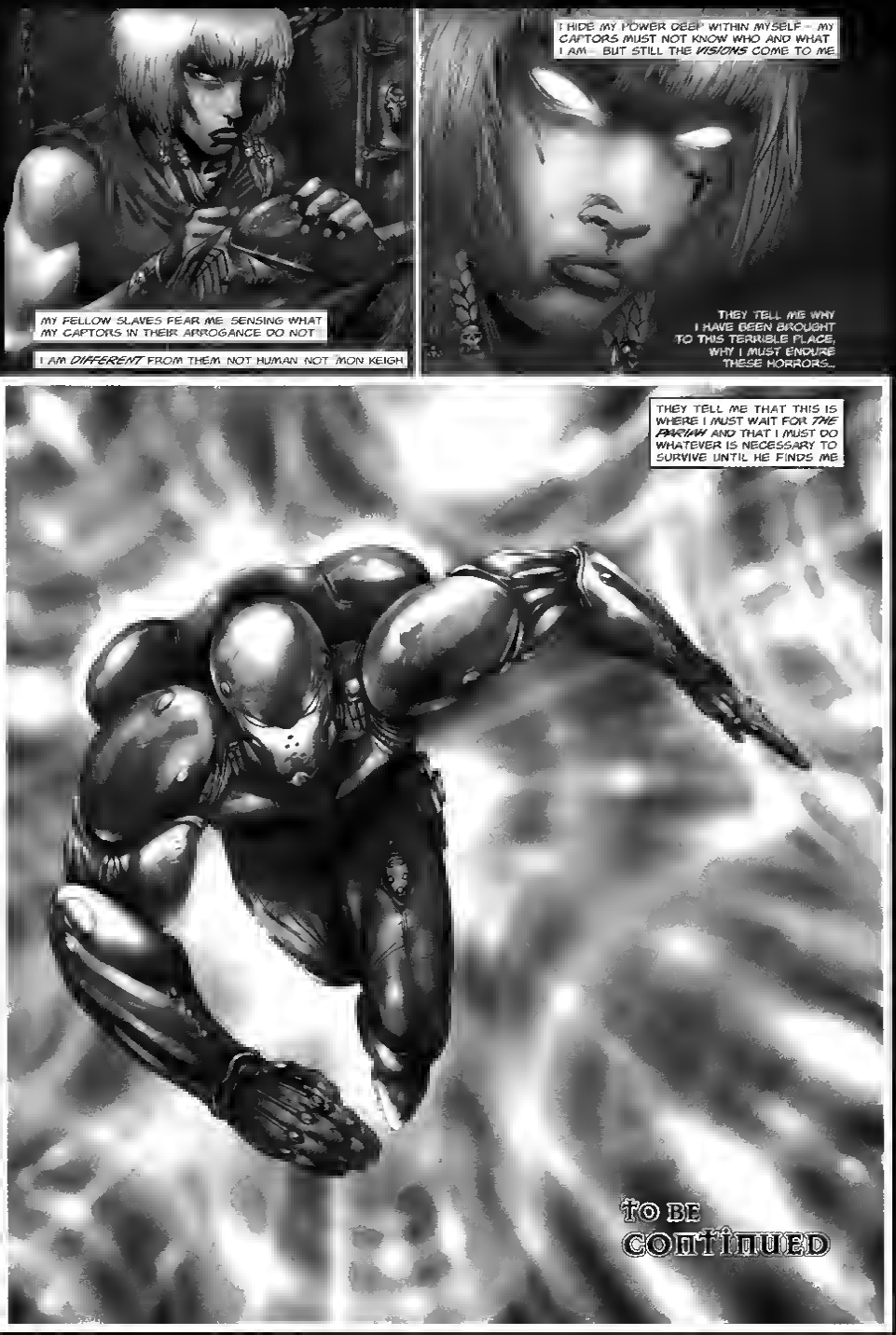
WHY SO HESITANT, SISTER? COME, LET US STAND *TOGETHER*.
LET THEM TAKE THE REST OF THIS *RABBLE*—
THEN AFTERWARDS, WE CAN *SETTLE MATTERS* BETWEEN OURSELVES, JUST *YOU AND I!*
SHUKT

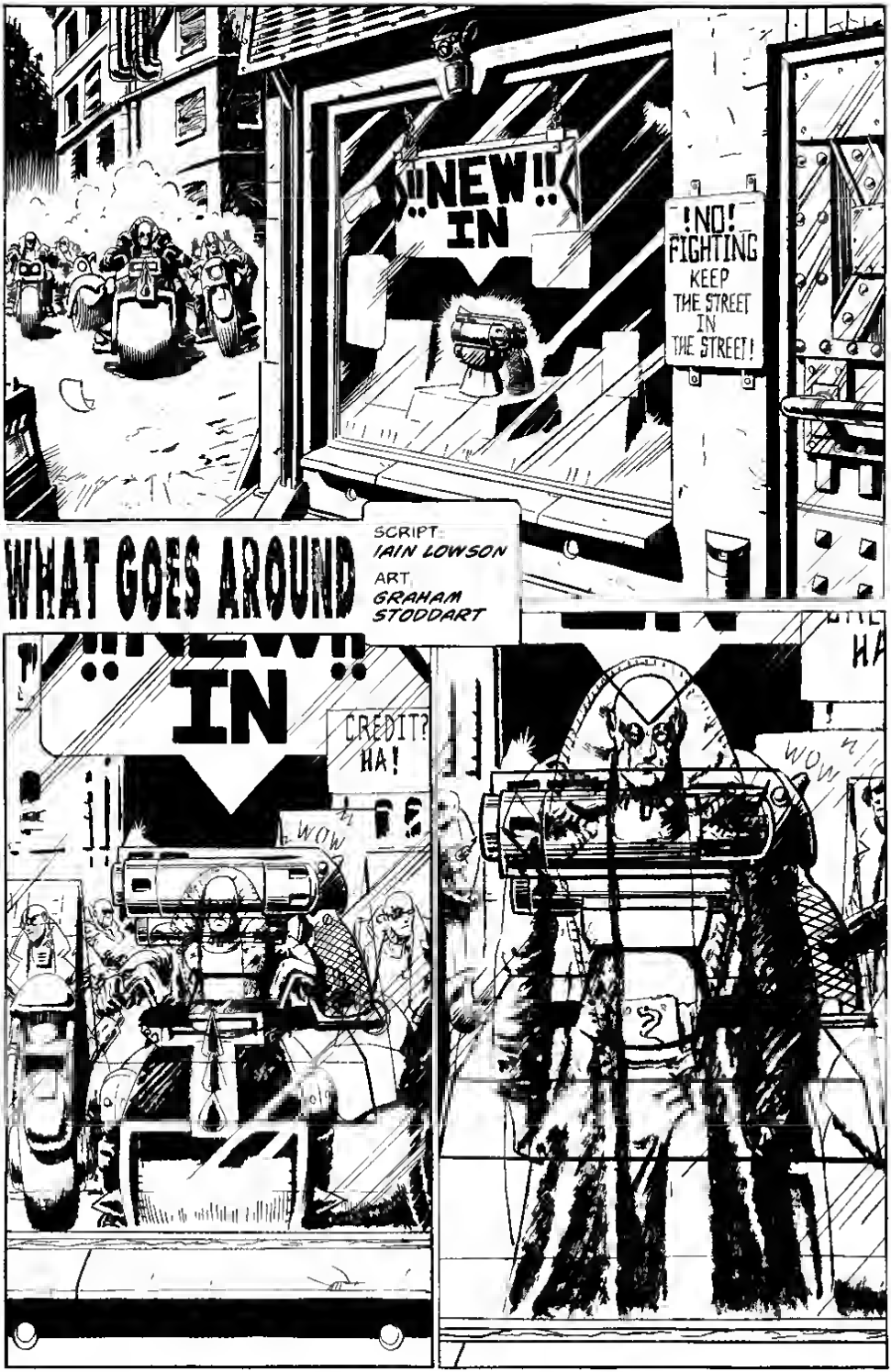
I FOUGHT—

WE FOUGHT, AND IT WAS AS SHE SAID—
WE FOUGHT TOGETHER, COMBINING OUR SPEED AND SKILLS—
THE OTHERS DIED WE LIVED—
WE TRIUMPHED
AND, AS SHE SAID, AS SOON AS IT WAS OVER WE TURNED INSTANTLY ON EACH OTHER

TAKE OFF YOUR MASK, SISTER ! WANT TO LOOK INTO YOUR EYES WHEN I SEND YOUR SOUL TO THE ONE WHO THIRSTS!
YES, WE FOUGHT–
THE TWO OF US, SO SIMILAR...
ALMOST PERFECTLY MATCHED.
...ALMOST...
SSSHRR!
SO SIMILAR
AND WHEN IT WAS OVER: ONLY ONE OF US REMAINED
...BUT NOT SIMILAR AT ALL

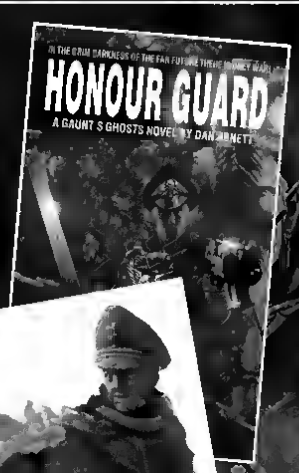
A MON-KEIGH! YOU DARE TO INSULT THE KABAL OF THE FOISON HEART BY SELECTING A MON-KEIGH ANIMAL TO FACE OUR CHOSEN CHAMPION?
AN AMUSING ABERRATION IS SHE NOT? SHE WAS PART OF A SLAVE CONSIGNMENT CAPTURED DURING A RAID ON A MON-KEIGH TRANSPORT VESSEL
THE REST OF THE CONSIGNMENT WERE POOR QUALITY STOCK - FLESH FODDER FOR THE HAEMONCULI - BUT THIS ONE SHOWS PROMISE
ENJOY THE PLEASURES OF YOUR MON-KEIGH PLAY-THING WHILE YOU CAN LORD ANHORR. THE KABAL OF THE FOISON HEART WILL NOT ALLOW THIS INSULT TO GO UNPUNISHED
THIS PLACE. HORROR BEYOND WORDS. FEAR AND TERROR CHOKE THE VERY AIR TO SURVIVE HERE I MUST PERMIT MYSELF TO DO - TO BECOME THAT WHICH IS UNSPEAKABLE

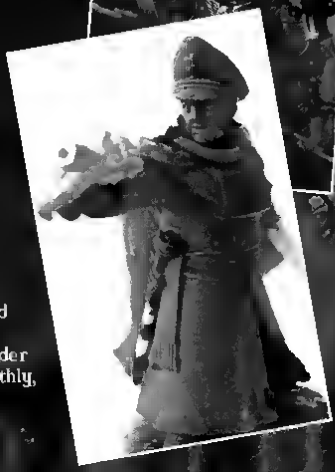

MY FELLOW SLAVES FEAR ME, SENSING WHAT MY CAPTORS IN THEIR ARROGANCE DO NOT
I AM *DIFFERENT* FROM THEM. NOT HUMAN. NOT 'MON KEIGH.
I HIDE MY POWER DEEP WITHIN MYSELF – MY CAPTORS MUST NOT KNOW WHO AND WHAT I AM – BUT STILL THE *VISIONS* COME TO ME.
THEY TELL ME WHY I HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO THIS TERRIBLE PLACE, WHY I MUST ENDURE THESE HORRORS...
THEY TELL ME THAT THIS IS WHERE I MUST WAIT FOR *THE FARSEER* AND THAT I MUST DO WHATEVER IS NECESSARY TO SURVIVE UNTIL HE FINDS ME.
TO BE CONTINUED


!!NEW!!
IN
!NO!
FIGHTING
KEEP
THE STREET
IN
THE STREET!
WHAT GOES AROUND
SCRIPT
IAIN LOWSON
ART
GRAHAM
STODDART
!!NEW!!
IN
CREDIT?
HA!
WOW
WOW

ONE CAREFUL OWNER

NEW FROM THE BLACK LIBRARY





Fans of our range of Warhammer 40,000 novels will already be eagerly awaiting our next release as it is no less than the fourth novel in the stunningly successful Gaunt's Ghosts series. 'Honour Guard' sees the newly reinforced Tanith First-and-Only continuing the campaign to liberate the Sabbat Worlds, but now the Chaos forces opposing them are beginning the war in earnest. After a bitter fight to retake the shrine world of Hagia, the Imperial forces are repulsed by a new Chaos offensive. With the enemy at their heels, Gaunt and his Ghosts are ordered up high into the mountains to recover the most sacred relic of the entire Sabbat Crusade. All the while Commissar Gaunt has to combat division within his own unit, with a clash of cultures between the new recruits from the devastated Vervunhive who joined in the last book 'Necropolis' and the veterans of Tanith. It's another all-action masterpiece from Dan Abnett, the writer behind Titan, Darkblade and Inquisitor Ascendant.

But that's not all for fans of Dan Abnett and Gaunt's Ghosts. This month sees a limited run Gaunt's Ghosts t-shirt using the exceptional front-cover art of 'Honour Guard' by Martin McKenna. Also, on the page opposite, you will see the outstanding limited edition diorama of Gaunt and Corbec defending the walls of Vervunhive from the corrupt forces of Ferrozoica. Sculpted by Mark Bedford, we expect this to be the most desired limited edition yet and is only available with the order form in Warhammer Monthly, so don't miss out!

www.blacklibrary.co.uk

INCOMING

✦

✦

✦✦ Hi there black librarians! Just a quick suggestion-LETS HAVE MORE ANTI-HEROES!

The only decent one we've had so far is Darkblade! Give us a long-running YOLANDA strip. By the way the new look is excellent but I agree with Jon-T from issue 41 about bringing back Baneblade and Gutspew.

✦ Magus – via email

✦

✦✦ **Anti-heroes!? Surely I am the greatest anti-hero ever to have been spawned and I appear in Warhammer Monthly all the time. Indeed a Yolanda strip would be very welcome but unfortunately, the lucky female is serving as my concubine at present and won't be up to any appearances in these pages for quite some time... Bring back Gutspew!? I wasn't aware I ever went away, wretch!**

✦

✦

✦✦ Guys,

I wanted to write to tell you that Warhammer Monthly is always a fun and goresplattered read. Keep up the great work on the mag. But, I would like to see a story or two involving some of your out of print games (that should come back into print, by the way)...Space Hulk and Dark Future. A Dark Future storyline would fit hand in glove with the artwork styles, tone, and edge of Warhammer Monthly. I know with your writers it would be a complete thrill ride. So, how about it? There are still fans of your "forgotten" game systems out here.

✦ Jeff Manjarrez – via email

✦

✦✦ **Yes and you've obviously "forgotten" that we've run Space Hulk strips in the past, worm! The most recent was a strip called 'Sacrifice' in Issue 32 by those Emperor's lapdogs who go by the names of Brother Rennie and Brother Brady. Fortunately for you it is going to be reprinted in the 'Eternal War' Graphic Novel which should be out in time for that time of the Terran year called "Christmas". Miss it and I'll unleash my warp-beast on you!**

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